

OUR DUMB Animals

SEPTEMBER

1958

"LOVE ME TENDER"

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY

for the

PREVENTION of CRUELTY

to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE

EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by William Dyvinick





Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
 Assistant Editor—SUSAN E. BROWN
 Circulation Mgr.—MARY C. RICHARDS

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 AND
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"There's Nothing Like a Dame"

WHEN the news came that Congress, both House and Senate, had overwhelmingly passed the humane slaughter bill, we felt like singing, and the melody that came to mind was the well-known ditty from "South Pacific",—"There's Nothing Like a Dame."

We hope that no one will take offence at the word "Dame." According to the dictionary, the definition we use in this case stands for "a woman of station or authority." We are not alone in this observation because accolades have been generously showered on American womanhood by national magazines and feature writers who were quick to observe that it was the women of America, by the outpouring of their sympathy and feelings for unfortunate animals cruelly slaughtered in the nation's abattoirs, who produced this magnificent result.

It has been estimated that the two million members of local humane societies in the United States joined forces with the eleven million members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and they were joined by the National Council of Catholic Women. As Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, sponsor of the bill, recently said to those who opposed the bill, "You just don't know what you are up against."

This is not the first time in this nation's history that the women of America have fought for the rights of the less fortunate. It was unquestionably the women who brought about the abolition of slavery, and they have been in the forefront of every reform movement in this nation and, for that matter, in many other parts of the world. Our hats, then, are off to the women of America, to the newspapers, radio and television stations and the hundreds of humane societies who all aided us in the campaign to obtain a humane slaughter law. Your voices were heard loud and clear on Capitol Hill, and on August 27th President Eisenhower signed the bill into law.

Soon the painful cries of agony and fear in some of the nation's slaughter-houses will be stilled forever, but it should be remembered that this new law will only affect 514 of the nation's 14,000 packers, and genuine humane slaughter throughout America will not be a reality until each state passes a humane slaughter law. We expect Massachusetts to be the first state to pass such a law, and this Society has already taken the necessary steps to have such a bill before the Legislature of our Commonwealth when it convenes in January of 1959.

Therefore, the battle is not over. There is much more ahead of us, and we will come to you once again and ask for your support in order to stamp out this cruelty forever.

E. H. H.

Three Families Are a Crowd

By Ruth Martin

AN extraordinary story of cat logic came to my attention recently. The occupational therapists in a large country sanatorium have their teaching quarters and office in a secluded basement wing.

The director and her assistant are both fond of cats and have two females of questionable age, who come and go at will, making their headquarters the comfortable occupational therapy room, particularly

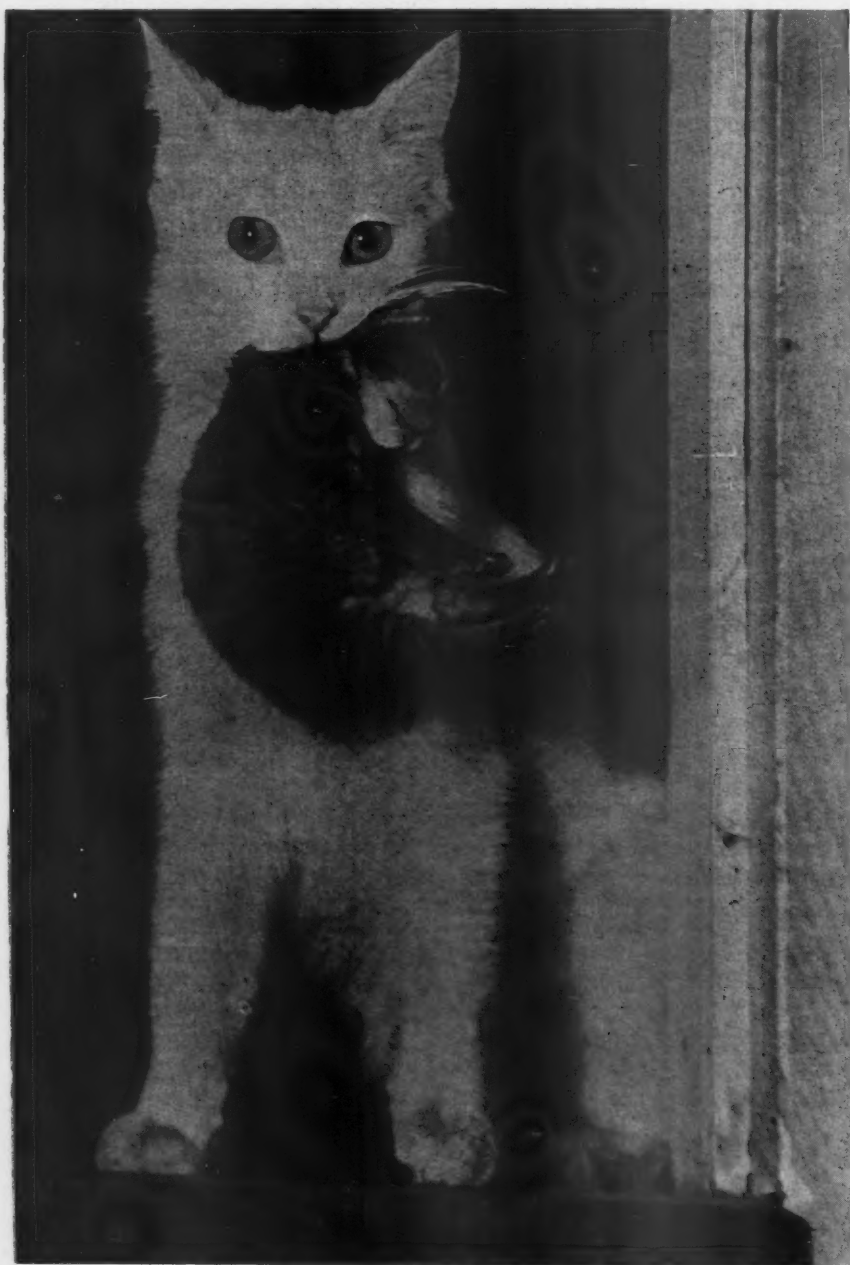
while their kittens are young.

Recently Ma and Wiffi each had a litter of kittens. Ma's family numbered five, Wiffi's three. About this time, a wild mother who roamed in the nearby woods, moved in, on invitation, to reserve a corner for her forthcoming brood. With caution and defiance prevailing, she gave birth to a family of six, nesting them in an empty lower cupboard, which apparently afforded her more security than the box that had been provided for her. Her kittens were thus about two weeks younger than the other families.

Ten days after her babies were born she took off for wilder haunts—leaving her children orphans and too young to be artificially fed. The therapists decided that to keep the brood alive, the two other cats would have to share the new family, so they moved five into Ma's box and one into Wiffi's since Wiffi's milk supply was less adequate.

One howling waif could be heard above all competitors and poor Ma used all her instinct as a mother, to quiet him. This went on for two days and apparently Ma was near the end of her patience. Even on frequent, nourishing feedings she had her paws full with ten kittens to keep happy and full.

On the third day, Mrs. Jones, the director, went quietly into the room where the cats were kept, to see how the families were progressing. She was just in time to see Ma leave her corner, kitten in mouth, and get up on a chair beside Wiffi's box. As she leaned over, it took no great perception to see that she was about to deposit "Loud Mouth" on Wiffi's doorstep. Then she heard Mrs. Jones' step and without a glance, she quietly descended, walked to her box, and, with the kitten still in her mouth, jumped in. With a grunt of resignation, she lay down and patted the rebellious youngster into place. Incidentally, Loud Mouth gave no more trouble, maybe because he realized how close he came to being left on the doorstep.



It was easy to see she was about to deposit "Loud Mouth" on Wiffi's doorstep.

Believe It Or Not!

By Simon M. Schwartz



"Now, Geraldine," asks Mr. Johnson, "what does this headline say?"

WHAT would you say if you were told a dog could solve arithmetic problems, algebraic equations, name the capitals of states, identify people, work cube and square root and read newspaper headlines?

Providing the answers to questions on such subjects is the claim to fame of Geraldine, a dog owned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson of Pennville, in Jay County, Indiana.

Jerry, short for Geraldine, has talents which are hard to explain and are obviously outside the realm of training.

During a demonstration to the author, Geraldine answered such questions as:

How much is 10 times three, minus six, divided by eight?

If $5x$ equals 25, how much does x equal?

How much is six times six divided by nine?

The correct answers: three, five and four—were soon forthcoming from Jerry in the form of staccato barks.

This could be training, you say? Then how about the dog's correct answers to:

What is the square root of 16?

How many pennies in a nickel?

And so on. During the two-hour demonstration the dog gave for us, she must have answered 200 questions correctly.

It all started one evening about 30 months ago. Mrs. Johnson was sitting at

home with the dog, talking to it like many dog owners do. She told the dog that instead of her and Mr. Johnson entertaining Jerry, the latter would have to entertain her owners. She asked the dog how much two and two were.

Four barks were forthcoming. She asked how much three and three were. The dog barked six times. Then Mrs. Johnson asked the dog how much four and four were. The dog barked eight times.

From this start the dog, according to the Johnsons, has progressed from simple arithmetic to reading newspaper headlines. Jerry, of course, cannot read as humans do.

But after discovering the dog's talent, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson taught their pet to bark once for yes, twice for no. Taking a current newspaper, Mrs. Johnson then demonstrated that Jerry does read by pointing to one headline, reading another and then asking Jerry if that was the headline she was pointing to. The dog barked no time and again until Mrs. Johnson read the same headline to which she was pointing.

Newspapermen naturally are skeptical so the author asked Jerry how many cars were parked outside. She barked twice, the correct answer. But before barking Jerry went to the window and looked. Then we asked the dog to count the candles on the living room table. Again the answer was correct.

Jerry identifies persons she knows to

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson by the process of identification, her owners say. If people walking down the street are known to her, she will bark no to questions about their identity until the correct person is named.

Jerry is modest, too. When asked if she was the eighth wonder of the world, she barked twice for "no."

She knows how many strings are on a violin, how many on a banjo, how many teaspoons in a tablespoon, the capitals of each state and she has definite ideas about such things as her birthday cake and the Johnson's Christmas tree.

Her owners claim she knows the age of every neighborhood dog and cat, and they cite a story to prove it. Seems one of the neighbor dogs was visiting Jerry and the Johnsons asked their dog to tell them how old the neighbor's dog was. Jerry barked 15 times and the owner of the dog said the answer was correct.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson claim they have never attempted to train their pet except to bark yes and no, and everything she knows is her own knowledge.

"Just anything we think she might know we ask her," Mr. Johnson said, "and it's very seldom that we don't get the correct answer."

The dog has made appearances before schools, on radio, television and many teachers and college professors have seen her demonstrate her talents. No one has as yet come up with an explanation.

Mr. Blue and The Monster

By Ina Louez Morris

WHEN the barking, which was shattering my eardrums, showed no sign of abating, I took my jangled nerves to the back door to see what was wrong. Commanding Mr. Blue to be quiet for goodness' sake, I was about to return to my baking when he quickly advanced a pace and stepped up his barking. He's spotted a hornet or a beetle, I thought, and decided the quickest way to stop the barking was to remove the cause. I walked out on to the porch and was about to descend the steps, when a loud hiss stopped me.

At first, I thought Pumpkin was taking liberties and was about to give him the back of my hand, when I chanced to glance down. There, curled on the bottom step, the cause of the disturbance and the center of attraction, was a snake . . . a big snake, yellowish in color, with rusty brown splotches on its wide back.

I couldn't have backed up any quicker if I'd been equipped with jet propulsion. I think I screamed, but about that I'm not sure. Cold mice feet did a jig up and down my spine and when they passed, I was trembling so violently I couldn't have moved



After the "Monster" departed, the family settled down for a nap.

in any direction if my life depended upon it. Mouth agape, I simply stood there while Mr. Blue barked, the snake hissed and the other animals looked on with fascinated interest.

After a while, the cloud of shock lifted and I could appraise the situation with a small degree of reason. The snake, I told myself, was probably as frightened as I, and would be happy to depart if Mr. Blue would stop heckling it. Collaring Mr. Blue, I hauled him into the house and closed the door.

"Now git!" I told the snake and made shooin' noises, but the snake did not "git" nor did it stop its hissing.

Standing well back, I pointed a broom at the snake and waited for its head to dart out, its fangs to fasten on the straw, but nothing happened except more and louder hissing.

About that time I heard a crash in the bedroom and a minute later, Mr. Blue came round the house, bringing a bit of the screen with him.

Taking a stand four or five feet away, he began barking again, whereupon the snake switched its attention from me to him. As the dog moved first to the right, then to the left, the snake followed his movements with a graceful swinging motion of the head.

Sheila, silent until that moment, joined in the barking from her grandstand seat; the horses whistled loudly through their nostrils, while Pumpkin and Junior threw in a few hisses of their own.

Collecting my courage, I prodded the snake with the broom in an effort to encourage a retreat, but our visitor wasn't the retreating kind. It liked the step and apparently that's where it meant to stay.

"We'll see about that," I said, and went into the house and called the office. Jack wasn't there, and a salesman to whom I told the story, shudderingly suggested I call the sheriff.

"Something wrong here?" a voice asked, and I turned to see our across-the-road-neighbor, Mr. Hoody, coming down the drive. "I heard the dog barking for a considerable spell and thought something might be amiss. . . ."

"Am I glad to see you!" I cried. "A snake's got us all treed. See, over there on the step."

Mr. Hoody approached the reptile cautiously, then he straightened and smiled. "Don't tell me you're afraid of Elmer," he said. "Why, he's a regular pet."

"Oh, yes?" I queried skeptically. "Whose?"

"Mine . . . in a way. I gritted my teeth as he picked up the snake, letting it wind itself around his arm. "Gopher snake," he said. "Found him over by the irrigation ditch and took him home. Valuable critters, gopher snakes. . . ."

Now that "Elmer" was in Mr. Hoody's custody, Mr. Blue approached and sniffed at the coils, but apparently he didn't like what he smelled for he backed away and began barking again.

"Ought to do something about that dog," Mr. Hoody said, frowning. "A barking dog can be a big nuisance. . . ."

"His barking probably saved me from sunstroke," I said, getting down from the table. "If you hadn't come to see what was wrong, I might have been here all day."

"Just might," Mr. Hoody agreed, and shifting Elmer to the other arm, he bade me good day.

**Whether he's large or small,
fat or thin,
black or white . . .**

A Dog Is a Dog

By Lucile J. Mathewson

RECENTLY the sight of a tiny, wriggly dog held lovingly in the arms of a youngster recalled to mind one of the highlights of my own youth.

At the time we were living on a farm where there were most of the animals usually found in a country place. But we had had no dog since our beloved collie, Pal, had passed on a year or so back. I was the first one in the family to call attention to this fact.

"Billy's big Shep meets him every night when he comes home from school," I told my parents. Then they have more fun. They play ball and chase each other all around! Can't I have a dog?"

"We really should have a dog," answered Father. "I need one to help drive the cows to pasture."

"And I'd feel a lot safer with a good watchdog around here when I'm alone," added Mother.

Finding that we agreed on this subject, we went into action at once. We phoned friends and neighbors and inquired everywhere. The thoroughbred collies advertised in the papers were too expensive for our circumstances. There just didn't seem to be a dog for us!

Then one day a carpenter, Mr. Horton, came to do some repair work on the barn. Of course we asked him our now most important question. Unexpectedly he answered, "Sure, I know where there's one for you! There are some puppies at my house. As soon as they are old enough to leave their mother, I'll bring you one."

We were delighted and began to plan at once. "I'll get Pal's old dog house out of the shed and we'll paint and fix it," said Dad. "And I think I know where Pal's old dog collar is. It will be too large for the puppy but he will grow to fit it."

"Let's have a name for him," was my suggestion. "It ought to be something that sounds strong and brave." After much consultation, we chose "Samson."

At last there came the day when Mr. Horton phoned that he was bringing our dog! Of course we were all on the porch when he drove in. Expectantly we watched as he stepped from his car. There wasn't a dog to be seen. "Where's the puppy?" we all cried, at once.

Mr. Horton grinned. "In my pocket," he said. I couldn't believe my eyes as he lifted out a wee, black-and-white-haired

creature about the size of our month-old kitten. Saucy bead-like eyes blinked at the sudden light. Tiny ears pointed forward questioningly. A sharp nose sniffed curiously at new smells. Its whole body was a-tremble.

Finally I gasped, "Do you call that a dog?"

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Horton explained. "It's a Toy Terrier. They are very small animals."

As if in answer to my remark, the puppy gave a sharp "woof!" and wiggled toward me. As Mr. Horton held him nearer to me, the little pup stuck out his tongue and tried to lick my hands. In a second I was cuddling it in my arms and Dad and Mother were petting his head. I carried him into the kitchen where he was soon frisking about the floor snatching at every bit of fluttery paper or cloth. We left all chores undone as we watched his antics. When Mr. Horton departed he knew that he had found the right home for the puppy.

We had a dog at last! He was never large enough to drive cows to pasture. He slept in a small box in the house instead of the huge dog house. His size would never scare away a prowler. And his name became "Babe" instead of "Samson." But no dog was ever loved more than our tiny toy.



In his pocket! I couldn't believe my eyes!

A Rare Bird in Northern Vermont

By Susan Frankum



The Grebe is an unusual type of water bird

A HOLBOELL'S grebe, an unusual type of water bird, was found late last December in a snowbank near the Passumpsic river by Albert E. Grass, a veterinarian, of Lyndonville, Vt. Possibly because of an extremely late fall, the grebe delayed returning southward until it was too late.

Grebes have peculiar habits. They are quite helpless on land. They live mostly over water in coastal areas and do not often come this far inland. As their feet act as sort of a propeller, they have to have a long expanse of water to take off on, and as the river had become partly frozen, the grebe could not fly away, and was trapped.

Dr. Grass brought the sick and hungry grebe to Mr. Fred Mold who is director at the Fairbanks Museum in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Mr. Mold not only attends to the Museum inside, but has a "live" Museum outside which becomes an interesting place during the warmer months.

The grebe seemed quite friendly from the first but refused to eat. Mr. Mold had to force food into its mouth. Finally, after five days, it decided to eat by itself. Its daily diet consisted of specially prepared fish.

The young grebe, its immaturity indicated by the silvery white of its underbody blended with the blackish brown on its head and back, became a pet to everyone. Children and grownups alike enjoyed watching the grebe dive and swim about

in its portable swimming pool, teasing for fish and making small honking noises.

As it tired of swimming, the grebe made many clumsy attempts before it finally succeeded to get onto its special platform in its "pond." There it nestled gracefully, preening itself and watching its many visitors. Grebes' legs are placed very far back on their body, making climbing and walking difficult.

For about four months the grebe appeared contented at the Museum where it received excellent care from Mr. Mold and his assistants, but fate steps in rather abruptly at times. As the warm spring-like weather continued and the grebe was about to have its freedom, quite suddenly it became sick and died. An examination by Dr. Grass revealed the cause was due to intestinal stoppage.

Although the strange little bird went to its final resting place and could not meet its friends migrating northward, it experienced a grebe's life-time of attention, and will be sadly missed.

Remember

By Charles V. Mathis

A SHOE BAG can be used as a handy holder for pet's toys, brushes, etc. It's a convenient and organized storage place for pet belongings. On auto trips, pin the pet's shoe bag to the back of the front seat.

A Friend in Need

By Patric Stevens

THE young mother quail had been one of a covey of quail that had stayed close to the farm house for a long time. She had always been a little bit bolder than the rest of the covey and would fly down into the chicken yard and eat feed with the chickens. We called her our "star boarder" and enjoyed watching her. The covey roosted across the pasture fence in the tall grass and dense underbrush at the edge of the timber. We never allowed anyone to bother them or any hunter to come near the farm house. They were not what you would call tame quail, yet neither were they very frightened when any of us were about. One day I was walking across the pasture when a quail zoomed directly towards me and fell fluttering and quivering at my feet. It hopped about as if its legs were broken or badly hurt. I knew that quail act that way when they wish to lead you away from their young, but this one put on such a good show I actually thought for a moment that it really was injured. I stooped down to pick it up, and as I did I recognized it to be our "star boarder." She fluttered just enough to keep in front of me, and acted so pitiful that I had a queer feeling that maybe she was trying to tell me something. I decided to follow her to see where she would lead me. She led me up into the patch of high grass and underbrush at the edge of the timber and right up to her hidden nest. When I came near it she flopped and fluttered something pitiful to see. Looking closely I soon spied the nest and in the nest coiled around the partly hatched eggs lay a huge chicken snake.

I quickly killed the snake and cut him open to see how many eggs he had eaten. Inside I found the remains of two young quail, and two eggs that did not seem to be harmed in the least. These eggs I put back into the nest along with the ten that were still in the nest. A few weeks later we had visitors in the chicken yard. Not one, but an even dozen, not counting the brave little mother. I knew then that the two eggs had hatched along with the others in spite of their journey into the dark insides of the snake. Which goes to prove that even dumb animals and birds also need a friend when trouble comes knocking at their door.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Proud as punch are Copper and Vicki Porter.

Dog Is Honored

BERRY Hill's Milady Maeve, or "Copper" as she is known to her mistress and friends, a 3-year-old Irish Setter owned by Vicki I. Porter of Angola, New York was honored recently. Her work in tracking down a prowler and helping to hold him for the police won her a place as DOGalinity of the Week in Roy Fess' column in the Buffalo Courier Express, and later a handsome Diploma of Honor from Will Judy, editor of Dog World magazine.

The heroism award certificate reads as follows:

In September 1952, in the evening, Miss Porter and several friends discovered two prowlers outside the kennel office window, but before anything could be done, they disappeared in the darkness.

Suddenly Copper rushed up excitedly, then ran off down the path which led away from the kennel office. Quickly she returned and insisted that they follow her, which they did, along the winding path.

A voice called out: "Don't come any closer or I'll shoot." It turned out to be only a bluff, for the intruder did not have a gun. They held him there, with Copper's help, until the police arrived.

In accordance with the rules prescribed for the awarding of this diploma by the Committee on Awards, and accordingly the name has been enrolled upon the Dog World Canine Roll of Honor to be preserved as part of the permanent records of the noble and worthy deeds of great dogs throughout the world in the service of mankind.

Julie: Fairest of Fowl

By Clara Shaw

WE live on a farm, and every year come Spring, we buy baby chicks. Soon we noticed one of the flock would follow my daughter Betsy wherever she went, flying onto her shoulder and eating from her hand. Betsy christened her "Julie."

Julie soon learned about meal time, and each morning, when we were all at breakfast, she appeared on the kitchen windowsill for a snack. If the children were in a hurry to catch the school bus, Julie felt that she was slighted, and would come to the porch and rattle the screen until I dropped everything and gave her a hand-out. Once Julie's insistence caused me a great deal of embarrassment. After shooing her from the porch three times one busy morning, I was more than a little annoyed to hear the screen rattle again. As I ran to the door I yelled, "Go get some grasshoppers and leave that door alone." There stood a startled neighbor. Luckily he knew about Julie. Imagine telling a complete stranger that you were talking to a Hen!

During the cold winter weather, Julie

was allowed in the house to warm herself by the fire, and one night when the thermometer dropped to twenty degrees below zero, she was moved into the kitchen to spend the night. We made her a bed of newspapers, and inverted a large basket over her to keep her confined. Can you imagine the delight of five year old Danny, when lifting the basket in the morning he found a warm newly-laid egg? No one ever had a fresher egg for breakfast. And no hen ever said "thank you" in a nicer way.

When she learned that a new puppy we were training had been stealing her eggs, she betook herself to the haymow. Danny happened to see her fly there and following found a nest with eleven eggs. Perhaps her maternal instinct is coming to the fore, and Julie will lavish her affection on the baby chicks. However, as Julie's eggs always seem to be larger and taste better than any others, we feel that she should not undertake motherhood at present. I simply could not cope with eleven Julie's rattling the screen door!



Julie gets a free ride.



Lovely to meet you, my dear.

Time out for a quick siesta.



Pictur Cat

HAVE you got a cat: Siamese, Abyssinian, plain, lowly alley? Fine! will the S.P.C.A. say? lighted—providing of course shooting with a camera.

The procedure for shooting home variety with a camera in modified form, the same of the jungle with a gun. to stalk your game, more on them when they are not shoot.

Cats are not actors, consequently they are ideal amateur photographer who ness, life, and appeal in. There is no special form fully photographing cats say with authority that any location is ideal. When Thomasa momentarily feels is enjoying his or her nine place to have your camera.

Domestic animals in real camera difficulties them where the light is not on a bright day will be for shutter speed (if you variable speeds) you'll need of a second, or faster, poses and expressions. U very good, better work with open.

Pictures of your pet in natural poses will go far in pages of your snapshot album.

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ture for shooting cats of the
with a camera is, in a much
n, the same as shooting cats
with a gun. You just have
game, more or less sneak up
n they are not looking—and

not actors, thank goodness;
they are ideal subjects for the
tographer who wants natural-
and appeal in his snapshots.
special formula for success-
raphing cats nor can anyone
hority that any specific spot or
ideal. Whenever Tom or
omentarily feels at home and
is or her nine lives, that is the
e your camera ready for action.
animals in general offer few
difficulties for you can get
the light is right. Open shade,
day will be found best. As
speed (if your camera has
eds) you'll need at least 1/25
or faster, to catch fleeting
pressions. Unless the light is
etter work with the lens wide

f your pets in interesting,
will go far in brightening the
snapshot album.



Ah, just what I needed!

Now, if I just push hard enough . . .





Whooping Crane at Aransas Refuge in Texas watches carefully over its egg.

Nothing Funny About Whooper

By Wallace M. Depew

IF you see a huge white bird, with a wingspread of seven feet, its three-foot spindly legs and a five-foot coiled neck completely outstretched, soaring through the heavens and hear a blaring horn-like call so loud it can be heard as far as three miles away, it will not be an earth satellite.

Rather, it will be one of North America's rarest and tallest birds, the whooping crane, now pictured for the first time on a three-cent United States postage stamp.

Once an abundant species which nested in Canada's Prairie Provinces and North-Central states, and in migration not un-

common from New England to Georgia, it is believed that too much civilization is forcing the whooper northward to the very limits of vegetation.

An unusually impressive-looking bird, with long white feathers curling down over the ends of black-tipped wings, red-crowned and red-faced, it maintains a regular schedule from its breeding grounds in the Far North to its wintering grounds at the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge in Texas, between San Antonio Bay and St. Charles Bay, overlooking wild Matagorda Island in the Gulf of Mexico.

By the middle of December, the flock can be found in the salt flats and along tidal pools of the 47,261-acre refuge. Only in adverse weather conditions have the whoopers used the low brushy areas of the interior. In late March or early April, the flock again wings northward.

Although it has teetered on the brink of extinction for at least a quarter of a century, the fact that the birds are still with us, in spite of enormous obstacles to survival, makes it entirely proper to class the whooper as one of nature's greatest puzzles.

Odd Eating Habits

By Jewell Casey

MAN feels that he is cheated if he does not have three full meals a day. Generally speaking, the same kind of foods are eaten by mankind, varying somewhat in different countries.

There seems to be endless variations in eating habits of the creatures of the wild, as well as considerable variations in the actual food itself.

Some creatures eat once each day, others eat through-out daylight hours, others eat only at night. Then there are animals that eat heartily for several months of the year and then eat nothing for months at a time. Even more unusual yet are those that never eat anything, such as the beautiful Luna moth, which does not have a mouth!

The shrew, the world's smallest mammal, can take only a very small amount of food into its stomach at a time, but it must eat more often than any other adult animal known. It is said that if deprived of food for one-half a day, the shrew would actually starve to death.

When not sleeping through the winter months, the black bear is a big eater. It has a wide variety of foods, including fish, frogs, turtles, mice, ants and their eggs, bees and honey, most kind of berries, also fruits, vegetables and roots.

Moose eat moss, lichens, twigs, leaves and barks of certain trees. It is also very fond of water plants and will go completely out of sight under the water after its favorite water-lily roots. Forty to fifty pounds of food per day are required for the adult moose.

If you pride yourself on restricting your diet and someone tells you that "you eat just like a bird," don't feel complimented! Most adult birds eat at least one-half their

weight in food every day, and young birds in the nest often eat more than their own weight during a day. (Just think of the countless numbers of insect pests that are eaten daily by our birds!)

Few creatures, if any, are more greedy than a mole. It too will eat more than its own weight in a single day. The food consists of grubworms, cutworms, Japanese beetle larva and many other pests found in the soil. It does not eat roots of plants, but sometimes cuts through roots in searching for worms. Gardeners often

kill moles, believing they destroy plants, but they are far more beneficial than destructive.

Some creatures will eat only certain food. For example, the beaver eats only the bark of various trees. The boll weevil never even tastes any food other than immature cotton bolls. Several caterpillars of moths and butterflies restrict their diet to certain plants. The tomato worm feeds only on plants of that family, just as the larva of the Monarch butterfly will feed only on the leaves of the milkweed.

When food is scarce, the coyote will eat practically anything. However, when food is available, he is rather finicky and will eat only the best. It is absolutely uncanny the way a coyote is able to select the choice melons in a patch, and he does most of his feeding at night!

Another part-time eater is the horned lizard. This little creature goes into the soil in early autumn and comes out after warm weather with a big appetite. While its favorite food seems to be big red ants, it also eats numerous other pests.

Strange as it may seem, the ant-eater does not dine on ants exclusively, but varies the menu with worms and other small insects.



The beautiful Luna moth has no mouth, and never eats a thing!

Once There Was an Egg!

A long time ago I arranged to have a class of 3rd grade pupils on television. Their teacher, Charlotte Yoffa (now Mrs. Wall), one of the best teachers in Massachusetts, saw to it that two beautiful fan-tail pigeons, Adam and Eve, were brought to the studio of WBZ-TV.

I had planned with Miss Yoffa to have the children tell us some of the interesting things they had learned from having the pigeons in the classroom for the whole school year.

It was interesting to learn how the teacher had used the animals as props in teaching geography, history, spelling and arithmetic.

Everything went well for the first ten minutes we were "on the air." Then, suddenly, loud enough for the unseen audience to hear, little voices were heard to say, "Miss Yoffa, there is an egg." Neither the teacher nor I had seen the tiny egg, but sure enough there was one. "Eve" had presented us with an egg on camera. I doubt that such a bit of nature's magic has ever happened before or since.

Once I had planned to talk about tropical fish, a subject I am keenly interested in since we have a large aquarium

at home. My guest, a most loquacious man, brought a ten-gallon tank to the studio the night before and set it up.

The following day my guest and I stood behind the tank waiting for the "floor man" to cue in my opening remarks. I introduced my friend as an expert and inferred that he would show us some of his beautiful little tropical fish and tell us some interesting things about them. My guest immediately placed his hand in the tank and then pushed his fingers into the gravel and roiled the tank so that all the television viewers at home could see was muddy water.

Such experiences may not cause ulcers, but they certainly do not cure them.

On another occasion I was talking about a big goose and there were eight to ten little friends standing close by. The old goose decided not to stay on the table and she proceeded to flap her great wings and jump off. She frightened the youngsters and oldsters half to death, and I am sure that my temperature did not come down to normal until long after the program ended.

More about television next month.



Adam and Eve, fan-tailed pigeons, are exhibited to the school children.

Use Your Napkin, Milton!



Belonging to the Nathan Greene's of Weston, Mass., Milton's unusual markings make him look as if he were smiling, or had just had too much milk.

Dog Tax Through the Ages

By Laura Alice Boyd

TIMES were hard in England in the year 1796. The budget would not balance and not enough men were joining the Royal Navy. At last a plan for securing more money was hit upon which proved highly successful—so successful, in fact, that it has been adopted since that time by almost every civilized country. A tax was placed on dogs.

The only dogs exempt from the tax were those used for the herding of cattle and sheep. The dog owners raised a noisy protest, such as every new tax evokes, but the government was firm and the money was collected. Many dogs were killed by their owners who would not pay the tax and some people turned their pets loose to wander the streets and become a nuisance to the public.

The tax, however, attained its purpose. Enough money was raised so that a sum equal to \$25. could be paid as a bonus to every new naval recruit, and the rest helped replenish the Royal Treasury.

Early in the history of the United States, a tax on dogs was adopted as a means of securing revenue to defray the expense of reimbursing people who had suffered loss because of the damage done by stray dogs whose masters were not known.

The Innocents

By Doris W. Weinsheimer

THE story that I am about to tell you is true. Not even the names have been changed to protect the innocent—or should I say, the innocents?

It all began when a friend gave me a calico cat whom we called "MacDougle." She soon had kittens. We kept one and called her "Bad Baby." She in turn soon had kittens. We kept one and called him "Cassidy." Unless I have lost you along the way, you are now acquainted with the aforementioned innocents.

We were all very happy together; my husband, the three innocents and myself. We were happy, that is, until one day, my spouse came home from work and announced that "we" had been transferred to Syracuse, N.Y. This not only meant leaving our cozy little red brick row house in Philadelphia. It meant giving up two of our three little characters.

"Cassidy" and his grandmother, "MacDougle," were to be given to some near neighbors of ours who had expressed a desire to adopt them. We planned to transfer the ownership the day before moving, the longer to keep them. They dined, those last few weeks, on all of their favorite dishes: sauerkraut, spaghetti, oyster stew, and all of the coffee and cocoa that they could drink.

Our plans were changed, however, because six days before moving day, "Cassidy" and MacDougle" disappeared. Previously, they seldom left the yard, so we knew that something was wrong. They never returned, and it was with a heavy heart that we had to tell our neighbors and leave for Philadelphia, not knowing what their fate may have been.

We finally settled down to apartment dwelling, but many times wondered as to their peculiar disappearance. My husband claimed that they had heard our plans, and left home. After all, we had never told them they were cats. They thought that they were people, so why not understand "people-talk?"

About ten weeks had passed, and one very cold morning I went into the yard.

There at the shed door, sat "MacDougle" dripping with icicles. The bottoms of her little feet were completely void of skin. I carried her upstairs and placed her in a cozy box by the radiator. She slept for the greater part of twenty-four hours. After awakening, she ate a hearty meal, and promptly produced five more calico kittens. (This, by the way, brought her total offspring to 93).

We were thrilled and could write home of nothing else but her long mysterious trip to Syracuse. (During that time, we had experienced temperatures down to 24.1 degrees below zero!)

Please note that to walk 265 miles in seventy days, she had to cover almost 3.8

miles per day. Also, it was necessary for her to stop for sleep and find food. Then, too, if she read road maps (and I wouldn't doubt that she did) like my better half, she must have taken several wrong forks in the road.

We pondered, too, what the fate of "Cassidy" had been. The chances were he had started with her but perished during the long jaunt. After all, he was only seven months old.

Two weeks later, we ceased our wondering, for we were awakened by a raucous meowing in the shed. You guessed right! It was "Cassidy."

Now, although this tale sounds strange, nevertheless, it is true.

From time to time there are newspaper stories, about animals trodding vast distances to be with their masters or mistresses. I have always read them and then raised a quizzical brow.

And to you, who are still sitting, with one upraised quizzical brow, lower it! Then, repeat after me: "Truth is stranger than fiction."



Perhaps they had heard our plans and left home.

STED/KS
11/1/56



YOUNG READER'S

Mushroom

Grade 3

MUSHROOM is a turtle and stays in the water night and day. If I were a turtle and had to stay in the water, I wouldn't enjoy it. But I guess it's just that I'm not a turtle. One morning while I was eating my breakfast, Mushroom was having a nice time in the water. Suddenly when my father called me from the other room where Mushroom was and said Mushroom wanted something to eat. So I brought some turtle food, and my father said don't get your nose too close to the bowl or you will get it bit off. But I didn't pay too much attention to him. So I got my nose bit and that is why I have marks on my nose. And from that day on I have never gotten near that turtle's mouth again.



Hunting Eggs

Squeakie's Friends

By Louise Helen Drescher (Age 11)



Squeakie enjoys one of his favorite cat foods.

THIS is a picture of my cat, Squeakie, when he is eating one of his favorite cat foods. Squeakie is four years old but was only two when this story happened.

One night Squeakie came home in an unusual way. He was being escorted by two skunks (one on each side).

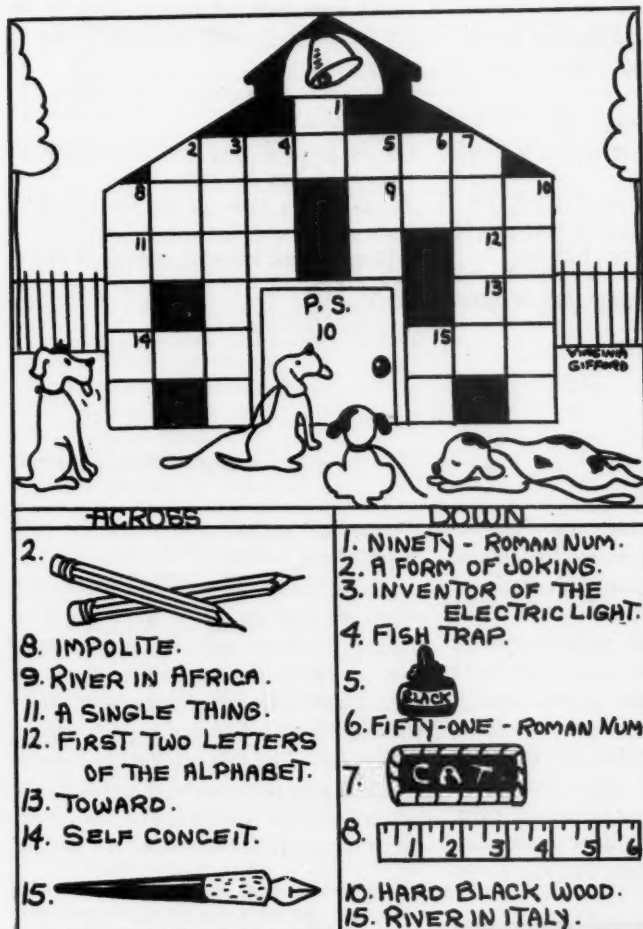
When he came in he was so lovable, the first thing he did was to jump on my bed. Ooh! What a smell! My mother had to take him off and give him a bath. After he had his bath Squeakie smelled much better, but he still had a little smell left.

My mother and I didn't think Squeakie's friends were so nice but he loved them.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE: (Across)—2. Pen-cils. 8. Rude. 9. Nile. 11. Unit. 12. AB. 13. To. 14. Ego. 15. Pen. (Down)—1. XC. 2. Pun. 3. Edison. 4. Net. 5. Ink. 6. L. 7. Slate. 8. Ruler. 10. Ebony. 15. PO.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



Cookie

By Sharon Gut

HI. I'm Cookie. I was born as a little girl kitten on May 1, 1956 in Berlin, Connecticut. My coat is black with some different colors. I really think I'm beautiful, although that's acting conceited. I enjoy playing with a catnip mouse and with red balls. I have many friends but not too many enemies. My friends and kittens and my enemies are all dogs except my relatives. Many of my mommy's relatives have dogs. I don't like certain dogs because they chase my friends and I up the big oak tree across the street. I really don't like to cross the street because many cars go by and it isn't safe. Cars, to me, are big dogs that don't bark and walk on wheels instead of on feet. I sleep all day and go out at night. My friends and I find that the dogs don't chase us at night as much as during the day. So please be kind to all us little animals.

September 1958

Skipper

By Karen Confort (Age 9)

Skipper is my pet cat
And has soft, snow-white fur
He is so very big and fat
And when I pet him he will purr
One eye is blue and one eye is green
And what a strange sight to see!
But in the night, both eyes gleam
So I always know where he will be.
He follows me to school each day
And never does he roam
He waits for me to come and play
And waits to walk me home.

My Pet

By Phyllis Kalland (Age 11)

ONCE our dog, Snow, ran away. Our other dog went with Snow. (Snow is a female. Our other dog, Yukon, is a male.) Yukon came back and led us to her. She was tangled up. She had a long chain. The chain got caught around a bush. When Yukon got home we tied him up till we got dressed and ate breakfast. We followed him and he went straight to her. Now he can do many tricks. He will shake hands, say please by saying "arf, arf" in a low tone of voice. He will protect my family. He is a good watch dog, too. Our dogs are all Samoyeds. We got another dog. Her name is Nika.



Nika, my Samoyed.

Does Anyone Know This Song?

By Mabel P. Lehre

I AM in search of a song heard some sixty years ago and only partially remembered. It was a song popular in Western Canada in the last years of the 1800's, a song describing the tragic death of a beloved horse, urged past his strength to undertake a difficult leap in a steeplechase. In the ranch-house concerts where the writer heard it and learned it long ago, it was called "The Old Horse." Is it possible that some reader of "Our Dumb Animals" recalls this ballad, and will come forth with some help? The lines of the last stanza follow and may give a clue to the song's identity:

"There are men both good and wise who

*hold that in a future state
Dumb creatures we have cherished here
below
Will give us joyous greeting when we pass
the Golden Gate
(It is folly that I hope it may be so?)
For sure never man had friend more en-
during to the end,
Truer mate in every turn of time and tide.
Could I hope we'd meet again, it would
banish half my pain,
At the place where the old horse died."*

Another scrap of the lyrics follows:

*"I was up in half a minute, but he never
seemed to stir,*

*Though I'd scored him with my rowels in
the fall.
In his life he'd never felt before the in-
sult of the spur,
And I knew that it was over, once for all.
Yet I sometimes fancy, too, that his daring
spirit knew
That the task surpassed the compass of
his stride.
Yet he faced it true and brave, and he
dropped into his grave,
At the place where the old horse died."*

Does anyone know this song? Write to Mabel Lehre at 1333 Lucile Ave., Los Angeles 26, California.

Magnificent Mongrel

By Joan Merrill

BORIS is a dog who deserves to be remembered, and as far as we are concerned, he always will be. This would be so in any case, but there are special reasons for permanent affection and gratitude toward *this* particular dog. You see, he was a hero, not once, but twice.

It was a matter of pure good luck in the first place that we ever *got* a dog like Boris. Just before he came into our lives we intended to get a dog, but up until then, we couldn't seem to come to any agreement about the breed we most wanted to choose a pet from. We agreed on only one point. We wanted a purebred dog with a pedigree.

Then we heard that a man who worked with my husband had a mongrel pup he couldn't keep—or at any rate had no intention of keeping. Like any pup, this one was active and playful but the man seemed to consider this a menace to his young children. In fact, he was so bitter, that we quickly took the dog out of sympathy—for the dog!

We didn't do Boris a favor. He did *us* one.

A few days before the birth of my first child marked Boris' first act of heroism. By this time he was a very intelligent full-grown dog, quick to understand and respond in any situation in which he found himself.

Snow had fallen heavily the night before and it was packed to icy smoothness on the streets as I set out with Boris. I never used a leash with him and I never taught him to heel. He just accompanied me in his own way. He would run ahead one minute for an eager gallop through the unplowed snow, his long ears flapping—and he would lag behind the next minute, greeting other dogs, tasting the snow and getting into an occasional fight. So it was only because of his constant alertness that he saw me when, halfway across

the street, I slipped and fell in the path of oncoming traffic.

Like a streak, he was beside me—between me and the cars—barking and attracting attention and not letting traffic pass. I couldn't seem to get myself up right away and I'm certain that many windshields were iced and hard to see out of that day. The first car tried to come to a sudden stop but skidded a few feet, and I do believe that if Boris hadn't been there, the driver might not have seen me in time.

Something like this happened again two years ago, only this time it was a little girl and she was much too young to be in the streets alone. I didn't see it; I was told about it afterwards when they phoned me that my dog was dead—hit by the car that would have hit the little girl.

When I look back, I recall that, because of summer heat, I'd had every intention of keeping Boris in the house that day—yet he just itched to get out and he slipped out first chance he had.

It was as though there was a higher destiny for him to fulfill that day.

I think sometimes these things make you appreciate and wonder about the wisdom of the powers that be. When I think of Boris now, it is always followed by the thought that because of him, three people are alive who might not have been.



Boris and I felt relief on returning home.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

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